BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS

LAW OF MENTAL HEALING.

Another Book by the Author of "The Law of Psychic Phenomena."

"THE LAW OF MENTAL MEDICINE," by Thomson J. Hudson, is the last work of the author, who is best known as the writer of "The Law of Psychic Phenomena" and other works dealing with mentality. The present book is not nearly as wide in its scope as its predecessors, and consists rather of a discussion of the general principles of mental healing.

The fact that the mind does have a certain influence over the body cannot be denied by any sensible person. The effect of suggestion or auto-suggestion upon the physical system varies in kind and intensity with the personality and susceptibility of the person affected. It is true, to a certain degree and in certain cases, that if a man thinks he is well, he is well. It is easy to imagine a sensitive, frail person, to whom the description of a fit of dyspepsia would so strongly suggest unpleasant sensations as to produce them. Such a person, under the influence of some strong emotion, might forget pain and act as though perfectly well, and for all practical purposes he would be well, so long as the emotion lasted. Mr. Hudson argues along this line, and sets forth the principles of mental healing with a clearness which will dispel fog in the minds of many of his readers.

He does not claim, of course, that mental healing would be effective in the case of broken bones or smallpox, but he does point out the fact and reasons of its effectiveness in nervous diseases. One of the points which he makes is that in the records of Christ's healing it is plainly shown that the master depended for his curative power on something within the patient, on his belief, in other words; not on any hypnotic power in the healer. It was, in Mr. Hudson's view, the power of Christ to awaken this strength in the being of his patient which was responsible for the cures. His arguments on this question are interesting and instructive.

He then takes up the subject of "Suggestions Adverse to Health," taking the ground that most of the ill-health of the present day is due to such suggestions; and, as usual with people who know very little about it, he lays the blame on the newspapers and their articles about diet. He says:

"It is safe to say that nine-tenths of all diseases of the digestive organs, especially dyspepsia, are due primarily to the suggestions embraced in that kind of literature. The exasperating feature of it is that not one newspaper article in a hundred on that topic is written by anyone who knows anything about the subject. They are generally written by boys or young ladies who are learning the trade of newspaper writers. Everybody familiar with that class of people is aware that the highest ambition of the newspaper cub is to write something that will be extensively copied by other papers; and he soon learns that anything pertaining to health in general, or diet in particular, is sure of an extensive and eager hearing."

This is a good example of the crass nonsense that a man will talk when he gets on a subject on which he is ignorant. It may be true that the "newspaper cub" wants to write something which will be copied; but as he is usually a reporter, and as reporting has nothing to do with diet unless one happens to report a lecture on health, it is hard to see how he can get at the particular line of work to which Dr. Hudson refers. The articles on health are usually copied from books or magazine articles by some writer with M. D. after his name. As for the advertisements, anyone who reads a patent medicine advertisement needs a fit of indigestion to teach him sense. Dr. Hudson further stultifies himself by ascribing to the newspapers the crusade against pie, claiming that pie is a harmless and healthful article of diet, as, in moderation, it doubtless is. The anti-pie propaganda really began with one Dio Lewis, who wrote a book about thirty-five years ago, advocating brown bread and milk, versus cake, pie, and other orthodox articles of diet, and insisting that nothing should be eaten after dinner—dinner to be taken about the middle of the day. In some ways Dr. Lewis' teaching was sensible; he laughed at those who dosed themselves with patent medicines, and advocated exercise and cold water; but in other ways he was a crank. He was the prophet of health foods, and the grocery and not the newspaper is the chief disseminator of his gospel.

Sensible in the extreme, however, is the system which is outlined by Dr. Hudson after he has had his little fling at the newspapers, and goes on to discuss things of which he knows. He says that children should not be restricted in their diet on the ground that this or that article of diet is bad for them, because, if it is unhealthy, it should not be on the table at all. There is no doubt that many mothers, in depriving their children of sweets, do the developing physique of the child an actual injury, since a child craves sweets naturally, and needs them for the upbuilding of its tissues. It is not necessary that a child should continually be nibbling candy, but if the daily diet be well mixed with sugar the candy will not be craved. The child can be allowed sugar, syrup, and plain cake in abundance; it can be fed on stewed fruits liberally sweetened; there are hundreds of ways in which the necessary sweet can be introduced without injury, and without the formation of the "candy habit," which is not particularly good. It is not necessary to infer that because a child wants a thing it is therefore hurtful.

Thought-transference, hypnotism, and other occult subjects are also discussed in this book, and always with reference to natural law. One of the qualities which make Dr. Hudson's work valuable in this line is his strict adherence to the theory that all so-called supernatural phenomena are, assuming them to be true and not the work of an impostor, to be accounted for by natural law. It will be remembered that in his former books he discussed ghosts, spiritualism and other kindred subjects from this purely scientific point of view. In this book he applies the same methods to thought-transference and hypnotism, and reduces them to a common sense basis which is likely to surprise some of his readers. Stripped of their imaginative coloring and dramatic accessories, most such stories can be reduced to a condition not inconsistent with natural law, always supposing that we have not yet discovered all the limitations of natural law as yet; and Dr. Hudson has done some rather valuable work in defining and discussing this law. He may be called an experimental psycho'ogist working in the realm of the occult. (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.)

A MEDIEVAL STORY.

"THE SAINT OF THE DRAGON'S DALE," by William Stearns Davis, author of "A Friend of Caesar," is a very brief story, hardly to be called a novel, dealing with Germany in the days of the first Rudolf. The central figure is Jerome of the Dragon's Dale, a hoary hermit, who finds himself called upon to rescue from one of the robber knights of that day a little maid of twelve, brought up in a convent, and on her way to her father when captured by the robber. Another prominent character is Witch Martha, also a characteristic figure of the age, with her two ravens.

The story will surprise those who read the somewhat ponderous novel of ancient history which the author wrote when an undergraduate at Harvard, or those who read his later story of the Crusades, called "God Wills It." It is a little gem of a tale, in its way fantastic, indeed, as the author himself styles it, but dainty and vivid and picturesque enough to make an impression on even the jaded mind of the reader of historical novels. The descriptions are charming, and the character-drawing impresses one like the richly colored figures on the margin of a missal; it may be a little too brilliantly tinted for realism, but it is good for all that.

There is a good deal of variety in it, short as it is. We have a scene in the hut of the hermit, another in the castle of the Wartburg, and still another in the den of an outlaw, and each is well drawn. Maid Agnes is as sweet and winsome a little maid as can be imagined, and the contrast between her and her deliverer is most artistically arranged. In fact, the whole story is artistic, from beginning to end. (New York: The Macmillan Company.)

JACOB RIIS AND HIS WORK.

"THE PERIL AND THE PRESERVATION OF THE HOME," by Jacob A. Riis, is a small book made up of a series of lectures delivered by him in Philadelphia during the current year, under the name of the William L. Bull Lectures, William Bull, of Spokane, Wash., having founded the lectureship in the Philadelphia Divinity School. Much of the matter in this book is similar to that of Mr. Riis' other books, but he is not one of those who rehash old material indefinitely, and the lectures are well worth reading even by those familiar with the subject. There are numerous illustrations from photographs.

No one can read a paragraph of Riis' writing without seeing at once that he a whole-souled, energetic, talented man who hits from the shoulder, and is in deadly earnest on questions of civic morality, as, indeed, on every other question. There is no frivolity in his make-up. Yet he is never tiresome in his strenuousness, but breezy, fresh, and inspiring.

It is generally admitted now, though for years nobody dared say it aloud, that the richest and strongest church corporations were in many ways the worst obstacles to genuine reform work. They were so because they were conservative, and opposed to any experiments; and reform is always an experiment more or less. Mr. Riis refers in this book to a story which he says he hopes will soon be forgotten; but so long as the spirit of that church is abroad in the land perhaps it is just as well for the story to be remembered. He says:

"The church corporation was a tenement house owner, one of the largest, if not, indeed, the largest in the city, and its buildings were old and bad. It suited its purposes to let them be bad, because they were downtown, where the land was rapidly getting valuable for warehouse purposes, and the tenements were all to be torn down by and by. And so it was that it achieved the reputation of being the worst of landlords, hardly a name to attract the people to its pews. We had got to the point in our fight where we had made good the claim of the tenant to at least a full supply of water in his house, though light and air were yet denied him by the builder, when that church corporation chose to contest the law ordering it to supply water in its houses, and won, for the time being, on the plea that the law was arbitrary and autocratic. They are all autocratic, the laws that are made for the protection of the poor man; they have to be while the purpose to hinder rather than help lives in his brother. We trembled on the edge of a general collapse of all our remedial laws, until the court of last resort decided that any such claim was contrary to public policy and therefore inadmissible.

"It was not long after that that a distinguished body of churchmen in my city invited me to speak to them of slum evils. And I showed them pictures of the little children from the gutter, until at last some unthinking brother made the comment, 'Oh, well, they wouldn't wash, if you gave them the chance.' Perhaps you can imagine the result. I would not have missed that opportunity for a good deal."

One feels certain that verbal fireworks of a brilliant kind followed the characteristic and typical remark of one of these modern Pharisees.

It may be asked, What is done to remedy these conditions? It is easy enough to find fault, but what can one do about it? In a paragraph describing one of the tenement blocks, Mr. Riis mentions at least one thing that has been done. He says:

"Here, let me show you a tenement-house block on the east side today, typical of a hundred such and more. There were 2,781 persons living in it when a census was made of it two years ago, 466 of them babies in arms. There were 441 dark rooms with no windows at all, and 635 rooms that opened upon the air-shaft. An army of mendicants was marching forth from that block; in five years 660 different families in it had applied for public relief. In that time it had harbored thirty-two reported cases of tuberculosis, and probably at least three times as many more in all stages that were not reported. The year before, the health department had recorded thirteen cases of diphtheria there. However, the rent roll was all right, It amounted to $113,964 a year.

"I tell you these things that you may understand the setting of the home in the greatest of American cities. Two millions of people in New York live in such tenements. Do you see those narrow slits in the roof? They are the air-shafts, two feet four inches wide, sixty or seventy feet deep, through which light and air are supposed, in the landlord's theory, to come down to the tenants. We have just upset that theory, and forbidden those double-deckers with that kind of air-shaft. There are to be courts, hereafter, so that the tenant may have light enough within the house to make out his neighbor."

It was in that block that the only bathtub was found hung out of window—that was the only place in which there was room for it. Mr. Riis tells of another block in which there was a back yard five feet ten inches wide. He says he knows the measurement is correct, because he measured it himself, Theodore Roosevelt holding the other end of the tape line.

It is about time that civilized Americans should realize that you cannot put a man into surroundings which make for disease and degradation and not expect him to respond to the influences. In the words of the backwoodsman when he was shown through a badly managed poorhouse, also a lunatic asylum, full of stenches, dirt, and noise:

"How'd you expect a sick feller to git well when ye put him where a well feller'd git sick?"

How can we expect the poor to be healthy, clean, virtuous, when they are housed in buildings which make it impossible? We refuse to allow our own houses to be unsanitary, we teach our children the use of water, we are careful to admit light and fresh air, on the ground that our morals, health, and spirits will suffer if we do not. Yet the well-to-do citizen could hardly create in his own house such conditions as those of the tenements. There is no reason why the poor cannot be housed comfortably at prices which they can afford to pay. Mr. Riis tells of a tenement-owner who testified that he was getting 6 and 7 per cent on his model tenements, fit dwellings for anybody. The prices which many of the poor pay for their tenements would cover the cost of decent dwellings, if the dwellings were to be had. And even if it would not, the city could better afford to provide light, air, and water than to build more and ever more poorhouses, jails, and hospitals. It is one or the other.

In the last chapter the author answers in another way the question, "What can we do?" There are many thoughtful, well-intentioned people who have asked this question when listening to his forceful and interesting talks on the slum problem. They might justly say, "We are not New York people; we cannot vote the tenements away. We own no tenements; we cannot reform our own property." If the listener be a resident of Washington, he may add that he has no vote with which to influence the rulers of his own city. But this is the tale Mr. Riis tells of one of these earnest and well-intentioned people, and it carries its own moral:

"A year or two ago I went to a suburb of New York to speak of these things, even as I am now speaking to you. And when that evening I sat at the family board with my host, who was a clergyman, a secretary in a foreign mission board, he said, looking around upon his little ones, that, if I could find him a poor widow in the city with five children of their ages, whom they could go along with and help as they grew, I would be doing a good thing for them and a better thing for his children. And I promised, for that was ideal charity, neighbor with neighbor.

"But it was not easy. Weeks passed before I found a family in an East Side tenement that just filled the requirements. It was Christmas Eve, and while I stayed to look them over, I came to love them, the good children and the brave little woman fighting her fight all unaided. She told me that she was a scrubwoman in a public building, but it was not until I had gone half way over to the office, to tell my friend on the telephone that I had found what he sought, that I thought of asking where she scrubbed. I went back to ask her.

"And where was it, do you think? In the mission building, on his floor! Between them was just the thickness of the oaken door, all the time she had been needing him as he did her, and neither knew where to find the other."

This is a fairly good example of the indifference and carelessness which in great measure creates our charity problems. People are so desperately afraid of being cheated, so afraid that they will be bothered after by those they helped, that they refuse to bestow charity unless the object is duly accredited by an agent of an association. Of course there is some reason in this. It is not desirable that rogues and impostors shall fatten on philanthropists. But in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, if people look about them, they can find worthy poor at their own doorsteps, and if they would do this there would be less work for the associations and less machinery in our charity. It would have been an easy thing for that missionary to have established friendly relations with the scrubwoman outside his own door in a week, so that if she needed help she would have come to him as a matter of course; and yet he had to wait for a busy professional philanthropist, lecturer, and newspaper reporter to hunt her up and show her to him.

Mr. Riis' book is one which it will be good for the public to read and ponder over. He might have said more, however, on this subject of ways and means. There are millions of good people in city and country who would like well enough to take hold of the slum problem if they knew how. They can give their money, but that is not all they want. Two things are in their way; the fear of failure and the consciousness of ignorance. As to the former, it is well to remember that a certain percentage of failures must be expected in all enterprise, and the fact that one is trying to do good does not insure one against blunders. As to the other, Mr. Riis and other men who know the work can, and should, point out ways in which the ordinary citizen can help. (Philadelhpia: George W. Jacobs & Co.)

THE TU-TZE'S TOWER.

A Tale of Adventure in the Wilds of Tibet and Northern China.

"THE TU-TZE'S TOWER," by Louise Betts Edwards, is a tale of adventure in the wilds of Tibet and Northern China which surpasses most of the tales of Rider Haggard so far as queerness is concerned. It is unique in its way.

The heroine, Winifred Blaize, is a young widow whose husband (he dies in the second chapter) is an explorer of remote regions. She promises him that she will finish the book which he has been unable to complete, and, partly in pursuance of this task, partly in obedience to the dictates of a gypsy nature, she seeks the Tu-Tze's Tower, which stands in a well-nigh inaccessible part of Central Asia. The Man-Tze are not Chinese nor Tibetans; they are a peculiar people, resembling nothing in literature unless it be the tribe over which Daniel Dravot sought to be king. In the party of Mrs. Blaize are a New England widow of some fifty years, who supplies the comic element, but gets wearisome at times and reminds one somewhat of Stockton's Mrs. Aleshine, and a young half-Chinese, half-American girl, Candace Roberts, besides Lot, the Swiss courier, and Matang, the native atendant. With this slender following she penetrates into the Tu-Tze's country and encounters adventure.

Other characters in the tale are Mrs. Van Sant, sister to the heroine, a conventional matron of Washington; Michael Traquair, an attache of the British embassy in Washington; Lambert Love, the hairbrained son of an archaelogical father, Prof. Love, and the Tu-Tze, who is an impressive figure. He also—everybody in this book remains one of somebody else—is rather like Olfan, the savage king in Haggard's "People of the Mist." But the story itself is not in the least like anything else in the world.

It is surprising from beginning to end. Nothing comes out as the reader might suppose it would; and that in itself is something of a triumph for an adventure story. There is, moreover, much fine description, and the character-drawing is clear and sharply cut as Chinese ivory. The worst fault that can be found with it is that it is utterly impossible; and perhaps that is not a very bad fault in a book of this kind.

An example of the descriptive power of the author is this passage in which the tracking of a junk over the rapids in a Chinese river is described. This is done by ropes held by hundreds of coolies on the bank, straining upward until the junk is finally towed over the rapids. The description is as follows:

"The great ship, with its sails outspread against the now fast darkening sky, looked, indeed, like some splendid winged thing of mythology, rather than a prosaic nineteenth century medium of commerce, as it apparently balanced itself on the quivering crest of the waterfall. The noise about it now increased tenfold with the excitement of the crucial moment. The beating of gongs, the firing of crackers and pistols, the shrieks of a hundred agitated men and a frantic captain; under and through it all, the weird moaning chant of the well-nigh exhausted trackers bending double; and above and through it all, the roar of the rapids—were impressive in their very volume. Emma was dimly reminded of some lines familiar to a long-forgotten childhood:

> On cherubim and seraphim
> Right royally He rode,
> And on the wings of mighty winds
> Came rushing from abroad.

"The white waters sobbed under the suction of the rocking keel, which now pressed desperately forward, now slipped back, at the mercy of the bamboo towing-line, supplemented by great iron grappling hooks with which the men on the deck felt out for iron rings driven in the cliffs. Every eye was fixed on the sublime struggle between resistant Nature and definite human will. The ship, with all her men huddled forward to send the balance of weight toward the smooth waters they were almost touching, had made a last violent lurch forward into safety, when a terrible shuddering movement like the rippling of a serpent's body passed through the line of straining humans on the beach; the men fell backward, heaped one on the other, like tenpins under an expert stroke, a report louder than that of the toy pistols scattered the other noises into a startled second's silence—and then, as they rose, more wild and piercing with despair than ever, the junk shot down the shining, triumphant sheet of foam into the hypocritical river that had meant to have it all along.

"The women hid their eyes—but there was nothing to hide from, save the scarlet life-boat darting about on the waters like some bright dragon-fly, picking up the few, all too few, fragments of human wreckage that came up. It was like a miracle: a cannon-crash of sound, some flying pieces of timber (one of them struck Winifred's cheek) a great splash of water as the lusting river leapt to its prey—and then nothing." (Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co.)

A SENSATIONAL NOVEL.

"THE ONE WOMAN," by Thomas Dixon, jr., is a story of New York life, and about the sort of story which one would expect from the author of "The Leopard's Spots." The passion is positively sultry, the atmosphere full of suppressed electricity, and the characters mostly unwholesome. We have a most unholy mixture of men with other men's wives, and women with other women's husbands, and all under the cover of teaching a moral. Mr Dixon may be sincere in his methods of advocating morality, but he can talk more immoral talk while he is about it than any other writer now before the public.

The hero of this tale is evidently suggested by a certain socialistic clergyman who abandoned his pulpit some years ago to teach socialism of a somewhat perverted and degenerate sort, deserted his wife and children and married a rich woman, and, according to report, lived for some years on her money without saying or doing anything of much account. Aside from the exceeding bad taste of founding a novel on the lives of people not yet dead, whose deeds have been a nine-days' scandal in the public mouth, there is nothing whatever that is artistic in the plot, even if it were imaginary. It is apparently the conception of a man who would rather wallow in filth than not. It is not conceivable that a decent mind could revel in images of the sort with which these pages are filled, even long enough to set them down on paper. Mr. Dixon seems to want to imply, in a rather misty way, that he has a moral purpose in writing the book, but he had better give up writing books with a moral purpose and hoe potatoes, if he really wants to be of use to the world. (New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.)

CURRENT LITERARY NOTES.

A Dutch Patriot.

"Francis Adrian van der Kemp, 1752-1829," is the title of an autobiography soon to appear, edited by Helen Linck-laen Fairchild. Van der Kemp was a Dutch patriot who came to the United States in 1787, and was a friend of President John Adams.

A Controversy Severe.

"The Mettle of the Pasture," the latest book of James Lane Allen, is said to have caused dissension not only among the reviewers, but among the readers, and, in at least one case, to have broken up the peace of a once happy home. A husband and wife are known to have disagreed so vigorously on the book that they try to get every visitor who comes to the house to take one side or the other. One reviewer was flippant enough to say that Isabel would probably be less particular about the past record of her second husband. Another—a woman, by the way—thinks that Rowan was much better fitted to live after the commission of his sin than before, because he understood the meaning of that transcendent virtue, compassion, as no innocent person could. To the adventurous mind this suggests the question whether his compassion would have stretched far enough to excuse Isabel if she also had transgressed—and—oh, where will this business end, anyway?

A New Historical Work.

"The Foe of Compromise, and Other Essays" will be the title of the new book by William Garrott Brown, which is to appear in the autumn.

Conan Doyle.

Conan Doyle wrote his first story of adventure at the age of six. He wrote it on foolscap paper, four words to a line, with original illustrations. He says of it:

"There was a man in it, and there was a tiger. I forget which was the hero; but it didn't matter much, for they became blended into one about the time when the tiger met the man. I was a realist in the age of the romanticists. I described at some length, both verbally and pictorially, the untimely end of that wayfarer. But when the tiger had absorbed him, I found myself slightly embarrassed as to how my story was to go on. 'It's very easy to get people into scrapes and very hard to get them out again,' I remarked; and I have often had cause to repeat the precocious aphorism of my childhood. On this occasion the situation was beyond me, and my book, like my man, was engulfed in my tiger."

Those who have read what is in some ways the finest, as the most ambitious, work of this author, "The White Company," will not be surprised to learn that its vivid description and abundance of historical detail did not come about by chance and are not wholly due to the author's imagination. He spent nearly two years in writing the book, and read 115 volumes in French and English, dealing with the period, before he wrote a line of manuscript. It is not surprising, either, to learn that he considers "The Cloister and the Hearth" the finest English historical novel, placing "Ivanhoe" second. There is a certain similarity of spirit between Mr Reade's masterpiece and "The White Company."

A Distinguished Company.

The list of guests at the wedding of Anthony Hope Hawkins and Miss Elizabeth Sheldon, of New York, reads like one of those literary extravaganzas in "Droch." Ethel Barrymore was maid of honor, and two little daughters of Richard Le Gallienne were among the attendants. Among the guests were Thomas Hardy, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Edmund Gosse, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and others equally well known.

A Navy Novel.

"The Spirit of the Service," by Edith Elmer Wood, is a novel of naval life which will appear in September. It is illustrated by R. F. Zogbaum

An Interesting Poem.

An interesting bit of verse which appears in "Harper's Magazine" under the title "Indian Summer," is the joint work of Henry Van Dyke and his sixteen-year-old son Tertius. The boy began the poem and left it incomplete, and the father finished it. The result is as follows:

> A soft veil dims the turquoise skies,
> And half conceals from pensive eyes
> The bronzing tokens of the fall;
> A calmness broods upon the hills,
> And summer's parting dream distills
> A charm of silence over all.
>
> The stacks of corn in brown array
> Stand waiting through the placid day,
> Like tattered wigwams on the plain;
> The tribes that find a shelter there
> Are phantom peoples, forms of air,
> And ghosts of vanished joy and pain.
>
> At evening, when the blood-red crest
> Of sunset passes through the West,
> I hear the whispering host returning;
> On far-off fields, by elm and oak,
> I see the light, I smell the smoke—
> The campfires of the Past are burning.

It would be more interesting if we knew where the boy left off in his verse making.

The Creator of D'Haricot.

J. Storer Clouston, author of "The Adventures of M. D'Haricot," has written a new novel, not broadly farcical as his first, which is soon to appear. He is the son of an eminent Scottish physician.

Mr. Allen's Appearance.

An amusing story of James Lane Allen appears in a literary magazine. Mr. Allen, as those who know him know, is always well dressed, and is rather distinguished looking. Once he went into a small shop to make a few purchases, and found that he had left his purse at home. The shopkeeper refused to trust him.

"Do I look like a man who would try to 'beat' you?" asked the indignant author.

"Of course you don't," said the shopkeeper, admiringly. "If you did I wouldn't have bothered with you in the first place. It isn't that kind I have to be on the everlasting lookout for."

Another Harben Story.

There is always one author who occupies the center of the stage, so far as anecdotes are concerned. The personality of the author changes from time to time, and none occupies this enviable position long. At present Will N. Harben seems to be It with the story-tellers, as Mr. Ade might say. The latest story about him relates to a scalping excursion in which he took part, not, however, in the capacity of Indian. He was going to Texas with a party of friends, and he and others of the party bought scalpers' tickets, that of Mr. Harben bearing the name of Thompson. The ticket-seller warned them that they would be obliged to write their names that the conductor might compare them with those on the tickets. Mr. Harben successfully forged the name of Thompson, and had settled down to a nap when the conductor shook him awake and asked his name.

"Har— a-a- Thompson," stammered the passenger. The conductor looked suspicions.

"Then you're not the man I'm looking for," said he; "I'm looking for Will N. Harben. I've got a telegram for him."

Mr. Harben consulted his friends. They were within a few hours of their destination and the consensus of opinion was that he would have to wait and worry. When he got the telegram it proved to be a greeting from a friend who had not had time to speak with him as the train went by. Mr. Harben remembers making a few comments on the situation, but does not repeat them when telling the story.

A NEW BOOK BY MABIE.

"Backgrounds of Literature," a new book by Hamilton W. Mabie, is soon to appear. It is largely descriptive, and consists of a series of papers on Wordsworth, Emerson, Goethe, Shakespeare and other great writers, tracing the influences which colored their genius. It will be richly illustrated from photographs and drawings.

Lilian Bell and the English.

Lilian Bell has been criticised by English writers for the very unfavorable portrait which she draws of an English dame of title, and in a recent interview asserts with spirit that an American has just as good a right to criticise the English as the English have to criticise the Americans. She points to Dickens, the Trollopes, and Du Maurier as enemies of the American, and says that the reception of these authors by American readers is proof of the superior tolerance, good humor, and virtue of America. All this only suggests, however, that if a lady has nerve enough to twist the British lion's tail, as Mrs. Bogue declares that she has successfully done, she should have nerve to refrain from crowing about the performance or defending herself. Certainly each country has a right to criticise the other, and avails itself of that privilege, but we have squirmed too much and said too many bad words over the comments of Kipling, Dickens, and other Englishmen to deny the British reader the similar privilege of squirming under such venomous attacks as that of "The Dowager Countess and the American Girl." As a matter of fact, a view of any country which puts the inhabitants in a light exclusively unfavorable is not correct, and there is no good reason why Americans should blackguard English life in print and call it literature.

The Lake Country.

"Lake Country Sketches," by the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley, is a collection of reminiscences of the region which Wordsworth and his fellow-poets made famous. Among the alluring titles of these are "With the Black-Headed Gulls in Cumberland," "A Famous Yew Tree," "Lodore After Storm," "Wordsworth at Cockermouth," and "A Winter Day on Derwentwater."

The Late King of Servia.

One of the most telling comments yet made upon the late King of Servia is to be found in the current number of "The Bookman," in connection with some flattering remarks about William Eleroy Curtis' book, "The Turk and His Lost Provinces." This book, by the way, contains an exceedingly good chapter on Servia and the royal family, and the general condition of things there, and some portraits therewith. The "Bookman" says of the portrait of the late King:

"It is an interesting study to the physiognomist. It repels one instantly. It suggests a worm; and somehow, very curiously, its repulsiveness is heightened by a superficial student look which it possesses. The face, indeed, is more German than Serb. It is a peculiar type of German—Bavarian rather than Prussian—grossly materialistic, sensual, and yet without the heaviness and stupidity which would make the other qualities harmless, or, at any rate unnoticeable. A thorough beast does not repel us. It is the combination of beast and man that is abhorrent to one's sense of what is normal. In Alexander one sees a dreadful combination of snake and swine and man, with the result that you get involuntarily the impression of a monster."

Mid-August.

UNDER the pines the south wind sleeps,
The grass is dry in the sun,
And lazily home to the burnt oak's crest
The crows wheel, one by one.

Northward the windy mountains rise,
But sweet is the breath of the fern,
Where the blueberry bushes are bending low
And the orange lilies burn.

Lying a-dream in the wavering light,
In a sweet-fern hollow curled,
You may hear, if the blood be awake in your veins,
The midsummer voice of the world.

The orange lilies answer the sun,
Flame-bright on the purple plains,
And a wild bird wandering calls to his mate,
Somewhere in the shadowed lanes.

And winter and pain are drifting dreams,
And death a forgotten thought,
For the world is alive in the golden air,
And out of a dream is wrought.

—L. Lamprey, in Ladies' World.

A LITERARY TOAST.

Alfred Harry Lewis' novel, "Peggy O'Neal," is the occasion of the invention of a new drink named after the heroine. It is a Southern concoction, and has mint in it, as is proper for so spicy a heroine.

A LIFE OF THE POPE.

Monsignor O'Reilly's "Life of Leo XIII," is ready for the booksellers. It has an introduction by Cardinal Gibbons.